

**ZION'S HERALD.**

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**THE YEAR.**

BY REV. D. H. ELA.

What of the year?  
'Twas gone! 'Twas here;  
On noiseless wheel,  
For wo or weal,  
Its circling days have come and sped;  
Its flowers are faded all, dead;  
Its fruits—ah, frugality who can tell  
If blighted soon, or waste well—  
If waste its good, by moth or rust—  
If thieves have seized its treasured dust.

The parted year,  
'Twas gone! 'Twas here!  
At touch of memory backward roll  
Its golden wheels; its record scroll  
Spreads before us—faded not,  
Or noble deed or error's blot;  
Its happy hours their sunshine paint;  
Sorrow has writ its wailing plaint;  
But anger's words are faded—faint;  
And hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And sudden loss or glad surprise,  
Changeful as summer evening skies;  
While memory traces once again  
The year with panoramic pen.

'Tis gone! 'Twas here!  
Now, brown and sere  
The faded foliage of the year;  
We've seen the light of rose June;  
December's wintry snows have blown;  
So friends have come, and friends have gone,  
As rolled the days and seasons on,  
Each adding to the treasured store  
Our hearts shall cherish evermore,  
Both they whose sound of coming feet  
Wakened the heart's responsive beat,  
And they whose vanished tread no more  
Shall echo on this mortal shore—  
Sweet sleepers in the narrow bed.  
Not earth's green covering o'er them spread;  
Nor snowy pall above the dead  
Is fairer than the forms that lie  
Beneath the wintry canopy;  
Nor purer than the loves that thrill  
The hearts that shrink their memory still—  
Love that shall live while Springs shall  
glow,  
Or Winters mantle earth with snow.

'Tis gone! 'Twas here!  
The fadeless year,  
The past and present equal live;  
We have both what we keep and give;  
Hand joins with hand in living grasp;  
Our arms the vanished loved ones clasp;  
Present, or past, whatever is dear,  
Lives aye in God's eternal year.

**CHRIST, THE SMITTEN ROCK.**

BY REV. I. G. BIDWELL.

Behold the thousands crowding around  
Moses and Aaron! After thirty-nine  
years of wanderings in the wilderness  
the Hebrew nation has swung back to  
Kadesh, on the border of the land of  
promise. They are perishing with  
thirst, and God has promised to give  
them a supply of water. Moses and  
Aaron and Joshua stand before the people,  
under the shadow of a high cliff of  
rock. Breathless silence prevails. Mo-  
ses lifts up the old miracle-working  
rod, and strikes the side of the cliff,  
and instantly there gushes forth from  
the rock a stream of cool, sweet, glori-  
ous water, which goes rippling and  
freshening down through the whole  
camp! The famished people are wild  
with delight. They throw themselves  
down by the side of the stream, and  
drink and drink, to their fill. Bleating  
flocks and lowing herds and groaning  
camels all crowd towards the blessed  
fountain, and shake their consuming  
thirst. There is joy in the desert. The  
fever of a whole nation is cooled, and  
the prayer of a whole nation is an-  
swered at a stroke.

Wonderful desert scene! It is typical  
of Christ! It teaches His salvation!  
That water was pure, natural water,  
and yet St. Paul says it was "spiritual  
drink." It was sacramental water  
because it was supernaturally given, and  
was the material token of the divine  
love and grace. It was a natural rock;  
it stood up there, a bare, glistening,  
dry rock, just like any other, and yet it  
was a "spiritual rock" because it was  
the source of a supernatural supply,  
and it was to be through all the coming  
years the emblem and remembered token  
of God's favor to a perishing na-  
tion. To those who were spiritually  
minded that rock was typical of the  
unborn Messiah, and that stream was

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NO. 53.

THE GOSPEL FOR OUR CRIMINAL  
POPULATION.

BY REV. DAVID W. CLARK, A. M.

PERIODICAL AWAKENINGS, AND THEIR  
UTILITY.

There is a singular phenomenon, pec-  
uliar to our American society, which  
can hardly have escaped the notice of  
the most casual observers, viz: peri-  
odical revivals of interest in certain popular  
reforms. Public attention is sud-  
denly arrested by a flagrant offense, or  
by the effort of some reform agitator;  
instantly the matter to be agitated be-  
comes the topic of conversation; the  
newspapers teem with articles about  
it; mass meetings convene with regard  
to it; it is resolved upon and lectured upon.  
At length, a partial reform having  
been accomplished, or the public  
having wearied of the subject, it is  
dropped by common consent; an inter-  
val of quiet follows; but it is not long  
before some new reform absorbs the  
public mind, and the same routine is  
gone through with. It is hard to ac-  
count for these periodical awakenings;  
it is, however, far more important to  
turn them to account than to explain  
their rise. How their popular embus-  
timent can be attached to the machinery of  
society, so as to produce permanent and  
practical results, is a problem worthy  
the attention of our profoundest  
sociologists. As it is, this popular en-  
thusiasm, generated with so much care  
and pains, and latent with such irresistible  
power, is too often allowed to go off in an idle snort from the nozzle."

But we are far from deprecating these  
general awakenings. Invaluable good  
is accomplished by them. Long after the  
hurrying of those whose interest  
was merely superficial has died away,  
a host of patient toilers is left upon the  
field; so that we all hail these revisiting  
rocks. No water of life—no regeneration  
of love—no regenerating pulsings of the  
Holy Ghost into the thirst and famine  
of their yearning souls! Not nothing  
of this is possible until the rock is smitten.  
Christ is a riddle and a mockery to  
the human soul until it sees the  
cross-marks upon Him; but when the  
crimson streams begin to flow from His  
rent side and breaking heart, then  
thirsty souls drink and are satisfied,  
and the mystery of the God-man is  
solved. What do they know about  
Christ, what can they tell about His  
atonement, who deny the redemptive,  
crucifixion part of His life? "He is to  
them as a root out of dry ground; to  
them He has no form or comeliness,  
and when they see Him there is no  
beauty that they should desire Him."

The prison chaplain is, of course, the  
chief agent in the application of the  
Gospel for the reform of the prisoners.  
Their spiritual interests are almost  
solely in his hands; and he will be  
made better in proportion as he has a  
mind and heart for his work. There is  
no sphere of Christian activity that  
influences the individual influence  
also the State. If we can only  
convict our penitentiaries, and describe  
their neglected condition, the great, warm  
heart of the Church will throb in sym-  
pathy. It has been the pride of Method-  
ism that, originating as it did at one  
of the grandest seats of human learning,  
and may even discharge the chaperone now employed. Nor is this  
wholly an imaginary contingency.  
There is a class of people in our com-  
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## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

## REVIVALS.

An Address to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, November 25, 1874, by Rev. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.—published at the request of the Meeting.

[Concluded.]

Dr. Finney is right. We must, in the present state of things, at home and abroad, have sweeping revivals, mighty shocks of divine power striking large masses of people, or the devil's kingdom will triumph, the love of many wax cold, backsliders turning to their vices again, carnal formal professors, blind moralists, and wicked men and women wallowing in sensualities, and popularity-seeking preachers, crying, "Lord, Lord, yet obeying His commands, will all stumble over the precipice of destruction together." Especially must Methodism be revivalistic, or its occupation is gone.

A dead Methodism, grown rheumatic in the knee-joints, preferring the theatre to the class meeting, hiring a quartette to perform the praises her backsides heart refuses to offer, where

"Ho means languish on her tongue,

And her devotions dies?"

shutting her few door against the poor in churches built by the converts of past revivals, decrying revivals as derogatory to her high culture and acknowledged respectability, and pouring contempt upon those who cleave to the old doctrines and God-honored methods—such a dead Methodism, of all the dead and unburred things beneath the sun is the most disgusting to men, and the most offensive in the nostrils of God. The structure of our itinerancy, our traditions, our doctrines, are all revivalistic. Our origin and all the glorious epochs of our history are revivalistic. Our mission, as long as there are masses of sin to be purged by the Gospel, must be revivalistic. We decline and die out wherever we imagine that we have passed beyond the revivalistic stage, and can sit down and fold our arms and enjoy our respectability. This is the secret of our relative weakness in the great cities, where our rich men herd together in fashionable churches, isolating themselves from the masses, and attempt to cultivate an esthetic Methodism, eschewing as far as possible our denominational peculiarities, especially revival efforts, downright, earnest knee-work at the altar, and brave inroads upon the great unwashed masses of humanity perishing all around us.

The Jews have an adage that when the tasks are multiplied it is time for Moses to appear. When Judaism had substituted the traditions of men for the law of God, and had lost almost every pulsation of spiritual life, burdening Israel with a crushing bondage, it was time for the *christians* to appear and emancipate the people by inaugurating a revival of true worship. When the Christian Church had gone into Papal captivity, and was hawking through Europe pardons for past and indulgences for future sins, it was time for another Moses to appear and break the yoke of an iron ecclesiasticism. He arose under the name of Luther. When Protestantism had grown gouty and paralytic in England, and was soon to become a lifeless corpse above ground, God called out His Moses again, and the courageous and tireless Wesley, the saviour of Gospel truth and spiritual power throughout the English-speaking world, appeared. He called the Christian Church to arms by a drum-beat, heard round the globe. And now that the Church of Wesley, both in England and America, is manifestly repeating the folly of the Church of England, substituting a dead formalism and an elaborate ecclesiasticism for spiritual life and world-conquering power, it is about time for Moses, or the second Wesley, to appear again. What his name will be, I know not; but he may be easily recognized by the scourge of tongues let loose against him, and the charge of a brigade of penholders and pamphleteers all along the line. This infallible sign attends Moses whenever he appears.

Our conclusion, with respect to the second question, is, that there is at present no such constancy and invariability of the human force, which is one of the elements of that evangelical power which is to convert the world, as to insure a continuous and steady advance of the Church. Hence, it follows that either the great scheme of saving the world must be abandoned, or the Holy Spirit must supplement the defective human force by extraordinary manifestations, out of the order of His usual workings, and thus again and again send down the angel of resurrection to sound His trumpet of revival in the ear of spiritual death. Such intercessions bear the same relation to His ordinary operations as miracles do to the operations of God through the laws of nature. In both cases they are a merciful concession to human weakness, and are designed to secure to the race a higher good than could be attained by limiting the divine efficiency to the channel of invariable law.

We are praying for the day when revivals can be dispensed with—when the kingdom of Christ shall have acquired such a momentum as to move on evenly and triumphantly, by a steady advance—when all the combined powers of earth and hell can present no obstacle to its uniform and rapid progress. But that time has not arrived. We have not reached the era when the devil can be McLellanized out of his fortification by regular and scientific approaches. He must be driven out by fierce and deadly assaults. His castle must be stormed again and again. During all the his-

tory of the Church such a method of warfare has been employed with evident indications of the divine approval.

To keep the Church from stagnating, irregular agencies have been thrust out, and novel methods have been invented. Conservatism, good old Conservatism (I hope he will get to heaven at last) has always been distressed and annoyed by such irregularities. But he was an irregularity in the Church of Rome. Wesley was an anomaly in the Church of England, and the best abused man in the British empire. Whitefield was deemed an incendiary by the staid New England Congregationalists; in this very city he was greeted thus by a leading pastor: "I am sorry you have returned." "So is the devil," was the great evangelist's truthful reply. Dr. Finney was regarded as a disorganizer in the Presbyterian Church forty years ago; and Elder Knapp, a man three years since, was cordially hated, as an intolerable agitator, by formal Baptists. But we all now agree that they were providential agencies to save these Churches from the sleep of death.

Let us Methodists, while we build the monuments of these dead irregularities, not throw stones at the living ones, whether female evangelists, or praying bands, or national camp-meetings. Whatevers disturbs the slumbers of dead professors will awaken opposition on their part, and alarm the timid souls who imagine that the breeze that begins to fill the sails will sink the ship. Let us be co-workers with God, to the utmost of our ability, in continuous, unintermittent labor for the salvation of men. Then, if God thrusts into the field extraordinary agencies, bearing the seal of His approval, let us wisely work with them, and if mighty outpourings of the Holy Ghost descend in any place let us not cry "wild fire," and throw cold water, but pile on the fuel, and keep the heavenly flame burning as long as possible, in continuous revival, till the Judgment throne descends.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## OLD ORCHARD BEACH IN WINTER.

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

The multitudes who, from "country waste and city full," "from near and from far," so recently centered here, seeking pleasure, recreation, or health, as they now look out of frosted windows, may wonder how Old Orchard stands in winter. Recently an eye-witness, I will attempt an answer.

Its latitude and longitude remain the same. The well-appointed and comfortable trains of the Boston and Maine Railroad pause at their beautiful and commodious station as regularly, and quite as promptly, as in the summer months; and the faithful conductors carry out the familiar "Old Orchard" to appear and emancipate the people by inaugurating a revival of true worship. When the Christian Church had gone into Papal captivity, and was hawking through Europe pardons for past and indulgences for future sins, it was time for another Moses to appear and break the yoke of an iron ecclesiasticism. He arose under the name of Luther. When Protestantism had grown gouty and paralytic in England, and was soon to become a lifeless corpse above ground, God called out His Moses again, and the courageous and tireless Wesley, the saviour of Gospel truth and spiritual power throughout the English-speaking world, appeared. He called the Christian Church to arms by a drum-beat, heard round the globe. And now that the Church of Wesley, both in England and America, is manifestly repeating the folly of the Church of England, substituting a dead formalism and an elaborate ecclesiasticism for spiritual life and world-conquering power, it is about time for Moses, or the second Wesley, to appear again. What his name will be, I know not; but he may be easily recognized by the scourge of tongues let loose against him, and the charge of a brigade of penholders and pamphleteers all along the line. This infallible sign attends Moses whenever he appears.

Our conclusion, with respect to the second question, is, that there is at present no such constancy and invariability of the human force, which is one of the elements of that evangelical power which is to convert the world, as to insure a continuous and steady advance of the Church. Hence, it follows that either the great scheme of saving the world must be abandoned, or the Holy Spirit must supplement the defective human force by extraordinary manifestations, out of the order of His usual workings, and thus again and again send down the angel of resurrection to sound His trumpet of revival in the ear of spiritual death. Such intercessions bear the same relation to His ordinary operations as miracles do to the operations of God through the laws of nature. In both cases they are a merciful concession to human weakness, and are designed to secure to the race a higher good than could be attained by limiting the divine efficiency to the channel of invariable law.

We are praying for the day when revivals can be dispensed with—when the kingdom of Christ shall have acquired such a momentum as to move on evenly and triumphantly, by a steady advance—when all the combined powers of earth and hell can present no obstacle to its uniform and rapid progress. But that time has not arrived. We have not reached the era when the devil can be McLellanized out of his fortification by regular and scientific approaches. He must be driven out by fierce and deadly assaults. His castle must be stormed again and again. During all the his-

say of the season, "December's as pleasant as May."

The peculiar charm of the watering season is gone, and in its place we have the more weird and chastened pleasure of living over in memory the pleasant past. Many of you will find it inconvenient or impossible to re-visit Old Orchard; and some of you will depart for that undiscovered country, "from whose bourn no traveler ever returns"; but many of you will come again, and with you increasing multitudes from year to year. Old Orchard has made its reputation, and it will not

Martha's Vineyard has found a rival—Walstall, indeed, though just beginning to grow. The generous policy of Superintendent Furber toward all the interests centering here will greatly facilitate the growth of the place, and amply remunerate the corporation he represents. Had I space I could justify my predictions by the matured plans of responsible parties now investing here. All of which has been suggested by the title, and is now submitted under the head of "Old Orchard Beach in Winter."

Great Falls, December 17.

## THE REST IN HOPE.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Yes, I shall live; and I shall rise again, Yield to the dust its dust; let sun and rain With flower beauty hide my place of rest, Or wrap me with the snow-drift's fleecy vest;

The books of God and Nature, not in vain, The dying saint's consummate hope attest.

Yes, I shall rise, though there be some who say

Beyond the night of death there is no day—

That pale face, and dark, disheveled tress;

Shall come not from the land Forgetfulness;

But these walk on in night, without one ray From the broad sun of truth and righteousness.

Yes, I shall rise! Oh, let no envious doubt

Come o'er my mind, to shut the promise out—

No dark-browed skeptic steal my faith from me;

For I the face of Him I love shall see,

When wakened by th' archangel's joyful shout,

To put on blissful immortality.

Yes, I shall rise; for my Redeemer came,

Eric morning touched the dewy hills with flame;

Up through the rock-hewn portal of the tomb;

New songs were sung where bowers of Eden bloom;

And heaven shall ring with sweet and loud acclaim;

When Christ for me shall break its mortal gloom.

Yes, I shall rise! The day is hastening on.

Come quickly come, Thou ever glorious Son!

Who tread'st on clouds, whom every eye shall see,

And rear Thy throne in sovereign majesty!

But till Thy righteous will on earth be done

My flesh shall rest in hope, and wait for Thee.

Then I shall rise, and this frail dust of mine,

Touched with the glory of that day, shall shine.

The worm may fret these cheeks; these eyes Decay

May waste, while the long ages roll away;

But in my flesh, illustrious and divine,

Shall I behold my God on that great day.

Pembroke, Me.

## DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Opening Lecture of the Winter Course by Prof. WM. WELLS, of Union College.

GERMAN CONFLICT WITH THE PAPACY.

The Faculty of the Seminary are happy in their selection of lecturers for the ensuing scholastic year. The first in the course was delivered in the chapel December 10th, which was well filled by the students and friends from the town.

The lecturer commenced his address by referring to the gratifying fact that the young theologians of the day now make in their business to discuss the living and vital questions of their epoch, in order to advise in all matters of high religious and moral merits. They were assembled to examine one of the most intensely thrilling questions of the hour, as the great conflict now raging between Germany and Pope Pius IX. The conflict was the expulsion of them all from the schools as teachers, and then placing these institutions under government inspection by lay superintendents. The German bishops began to excommunicate the professors in the universities who would not acknowledge the recent dogma, although these men were appointed by the State. This action of the "party of the center" necessitated the passage of the famous "May laws," restricting the Catholic bishops in their control over their subordinates, and neglecting to educate the clergy who were to serve in the Churches sustained by the State. The population is fast assuming a condition to be benefited by it, or to be irretrievably injured by the lack of it; education of the masses is becoming general; the schoolmaster is abroad in the land; and multitudes who, in former periods and in other countries would be doomed to ignorance and blindness, are now accustomed to read, to think, and converse intelligently on themes which once were thought to be the peculiar province of the favored few. This community, where information is so widespread, and so generally diffused, is increasing at a rate hitherto unparalleled in the world's history; the three or four millions who, but little more than a lifetime ago, burst the shackles of tyranny, and emerged into the freedom of nationality, have already been multiplied by ten; and ere many more years shall have flown away a hundred millions of intelligent, active minds will be in search of mental food. Not satisfied with the watery productions of mere genius or imagination, they will crave the strong meat which philosophy, morals and religion must supply.

The brunt of all this is directed toward Prussia, through the Catholic States in Parliament. The German bishops, though nearly all opposed to the dogma before the Council, are now trying to introduce and enforce them in Germany. All the Papal powers, and the Jesuits behind the Papal throne, are bitterly opposed to the German empire under a Protestant Emperor, but are willing to divide, that they may conquer and humiliate the power that conquered Austria and then France.

It is very clear that the Emperor nor Bismarck sought this quarrel, for they had enough on their hands without it; but they are defending themselves with courage and constancy, and Bismarck is making a name that will live in all history, as especially dear to the lovers of civil liberty and the haters of papal and Jesuitical tyranny.

In closing the speaker referred to the fact that the expelled Jesuits are spread

all over the world, and that many of them are with us, working quietly, and we may know nothing of them and their work till it bursts upon us. Dr. Wells has lived till he was 80 years old in these countries, and had been persecuted under Protestant rules; and after the wars were ended there came a reaction, under Pius VII, in 1814, when they were reinstated. They were favored by the Pope and Catholic powers. This fact, together with the annexation of Catholic provinces to Prussia, gave them such great increase of power. Under Frederick William the IV they also gained power, for he allowed the Catholic minister to sit beside the Protestant, and forced all the children of Catholic parents to be baptized in the faith of their Church, and to remain in it, and he did the same with reference to the Protestant children, and the Jesuits were allowed to do everything in their power to introduce Catholicism in that country, in which they largely succeeded.

Thus the harmony between the Church and State was well-nigh completed, when there was formed a union of the German States, then acquiring great power as a Protestant rule; and as the papal power had fallen, it was decided in 1870 that if Pius stands Germany must be humiliated, and in consequence the Franco-German war was fought on by the Pope, under the silly pretext of war. Bismarck declared war, but France was urged on by the Pope. As we went to Richmond via Bull Run, so went France to Germany. They found a different Germany from that which Napoleon did. France and the Pope did not know the significance of that cry, "where is the German's fatherland?" and their desire for a united kingdom.

While King William was still in Verailles deputations of Papal Catholicism called on him, with the request that he would use his newly-acquired power to reinstate the Pope on his temporal throne. The monarch replied that the Catholics should receive full protection in his realm, as they ever had, but that he could not meddle with the affairs of Italy or the internal dissensions of the Roman Church. Catholic Germany then turned against him and his project in reviving the old German Empire, because he, as a Protestant prince at his head, was unwilling to adopt the dogmas and yield to the wishes of the Vatican. And in the very first Imperial Parliament there sat the small body of Ultramontanists, who denominated themselves the "party of the center," and whose object was clearly to embarrass every movement looking to the unity and harmony of the Empire. They had cherished and protected the asp, and it now turned and stung them.

Bismarck tried every means to avoid misunderstanding, even to the appointment of a Catholic cardinal as an ambassador to his holiness; but he was refused a hearing, on the ground that Germany had no right to appoint a cardinal on an embassy, and refused to accept a papal legate. At this humiliation of the Emperor the Pope cried out, "a victory to the Jesuits!" and at the second Imperial Parliament we find seventy instead of thirty composing the "center," and the opposition grew and spread among Catholic people, mainly by the exertions of the Jesuits and their affiliated ones, that controls the schools, Church-pulpits, the confessional, and the official houses of the land, preaching and instigating rebellion in the government, and opposition at the polls.

This finally became so patent that the Jesuits were expelled, but they left Partisan arrows behind them. A host of new orders and protestants sprang up—male and female—with a view of invading every avenue where they could exert an influence against the government. The result was the expulsion of them all from the schools as teachers, and then placing these institutions under government inspection by lay superintendents. The German bishops began to excommunicate the professors in the universities who would not acknowledge the recent dogma, although these men were appointed by the State. This action of the "party of the center" necessitated the passage of the famous "May laws," restricting the Catholic bishops in their control over their subordinates, and neglecting to educate the clergy who were to serve in the Churches sustained by the State. The population is fast assuming a condition to be benefited by it, or to be irretrievably injured by the lack of it; education of the masses is becoming general; the schoolmaster is abroad in the land; and multitudes who, in former periods and in other countries would be doomed to ignorance and blindness, are now accustomed to read, to think, and converse intelligently on themes which once were thought to be the peculiar province of the favored few. This community, where information is so widespread, and so generally diffused, is increasing at a rate hitherto unparalleled in the world's history; the three or four millions who, but little more than a lifetime ago, burst the shackles of tyranny, and emerged into the freedom of nationality, have already been multiplied by ten; and ere many more years shall have flown away a hundred millions of intelligent, active minds will be in search of mental food. Not satisfied with the watery productions of mere genius or imagination, they will crave the strong meat which philosophy, morals and religion must supply.

The English language crossed the ocean, reached the shores of a new world, persistently penetrated forests, crossed rivers and mountains, still westward, until a continent was traversed, and the old familiar tongue is heard on the Pacific coast. Shall any one dare to predict that its onward course is finished? Is there not a probability that the English language will one day be predominant in a large portion of our globe? What an incentive to labor among those who profess to be the teachers of mankind, in order to a thorough study with a specially exegetical habit of mind, he presents his own confirmed views. This makes the volume a very positive and a very interesting book of comments. No one is left in doubt as to Dr.

Crosby's opinions of Rahab of Jericho, of the delay of the sun upon Gibeon and of the moon over Arafat, or any other much-discussed point in this book.

From the Riverside Press of Hurd & Houghton comes the last literary work of Mrs. Clemmer Ames—the author herself just now, to the astonishment of all her friends, without any of the usual occasions for such a cause, in a remarkably amiable manner, divorced, by his own seeking, from her husband, their lines of life having been, by difference of taste, separated from each other. If this had occurred before the appearance of the story in *The Every Saturday*, there would have been a new interest thrown over the volume. The story is one of modern social and domestic life. It illustrates moral infidelities, without the usual vicious and false estimates of such unhappy alliances. The story is pure, told with much pathos, and develops, in the moral of its events, the righteous nemesis following vanity and sin, and the great peace that attends righteousness in all that attends righteousness in all the relations of life.

Albert Mason published Rev. W. C. Wilkinson's incisive, and not always too generous reviews, under the title of *A FREE LAND IN THE FIELD OF LIFE AND LETTERS*. The papers composing the work have appeared

## The Methodist Church.

LETTER FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Sabbath, the 13th, was an important day with the Methodists of Cleveland. On that day was dedicated the finest Church edifice in the city. It fronts upon Euclid Avenue and Erie Street (the most conspicuous corner on the avenue), and is convenient to the best residences of the city, and not far from the business centre and leading hotels—midway between the humble abodes toward the Lake shore and the manufacturing portion of the city—with in easy reach of the best and the worst, and the "stranger within the gates."

The Society secured this fine location while their Church home was on St. Clair Street. A chapel, 47x75 feet, fronting on Erie, was built, and has been occupied for some years. This contains the parlors, pastor's study and class-rooms; and the former audience room will now be remodeled and made one of the finest Sunday-school rooms of the city. The corner-stone of the main edifice was laid in October 1871. The work of construction has been gradual, as the people have felt able to meet the expense; but the material used is of the best, and the workmanship of the first order.

The building dedicated Sunday has a frontage on Euclid Avenue of 76 feet, and on Erie Street of 117 feet. The walls are mainly of Sandusky limestone, roughly dressed. The auditorium 97x64 feet, with a gallery on the sides and one end. The seats are curved, and the seating capacity is about 1,200. There are seven stained glass windows on each side, and a rosette window eighteen feet in diameter in the front, amply lighting by day, and the seven feet prismatic reflectors in the ceiling, with numerous side lights, by night.

The organ (the finest in the city) was built by George H. Ryer of Boston, of which the *Cleveland Herald* has the following, which will be of interest to Bostonians: "It was but fitting that so superb an instrument as the organ of the new Methodist Church on the corner of Euclid Avenue and Erie Street should have a formal dedication, and the occasion of this ceremony attracted a large and highly appreciative audience. The concert was in every way creditable to those engaged in it. The organists were Prof. Wamelink, and Mr. George H. Ryer of Boston, the builder of the instrument, and a player of uncommon merit.... Cleveland has now an organ which will rank among the best instruments in this country."—And another daily says, "it was the verdict of musicians that the organ is the finest in the city;" and an organ builder generously said to Mr. Ryer that, in addition to its great perfection in other respects, its mechanical work was the best he had ever set eyes on!"—[We congratulate our good Bro. Ryer on having created so decided a sensation. Having enjoyed the privilege of hearing and testing the noble instrument before its removal from our city, we do not wonder at it in the least.]—*ED. HERALD.*

The property has cost \$120,000, \$28,000 of which remained to be provided for at dedication—a large sum to raise anywhere, at any time; but the society had made up its mind to pay the debt within itself, had worked systematically to this end, and on the previous evening were able to put their hands on more than \$20,000 of it; but more than \$31,000 were pledged in a little more than thirty minutes after the pastor completed his statement of the finances; and for lack of more time to receive them, the people, like the children of Israel, had to be restrained in their offerings.

Bishop Haven was expected for one of the services, but having telegraphed that he could not come, Bishop R. S. Foster preached a masterly discourse in the morning from Genesis i, 1. The indebtedness and the dedication were then attended to, and a union service was held at 2.30, P. M., at which prominent ministers of most of the evangelical denominations spoke, saying the kindest things of the Methodists. Rev. H. C. Hayden, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, among other things, said, "it strikes one as a little novel, at first, that the followers of John Wesley should lead us all in this matter of churches; and when anybody asks us who has the finest church, the best auditorium, the biggest organ in the city, to say the Methodists! I remember it is so in Baltimore—not much otherwise in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere—almost anywhere.... If these good brethren have an understanding with John Wesley, I presume it is all right."

In the evening Dr. Wentworth, of the *Ladies' Repository*, preached from 1 Cor. i, 23. "But we preach Christ crucified." The pastor, Rev. C. W. Cushing, formerly of Boston, who began his labors at this Church in October last, has proved eminently acceptable. He is doing solid work, and great results are looked for ere the close of the Confer-

ence year.

RE.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Churches are raising money for our benevolent objects, excepting the special effort for missions, which usually comes a little later in the season. Stagnation in business and the many appeals for charity ("the Greeks at our doors") may absorb a portion of what would otherwise go to swell the contributions, but we are hopeful, notwithstanding. We shall give for the love of Christ, and not for fear of the

solding of anniversary speech-makers, etc.

Several of the pastors are moving for extra revival services which shall extend beyond the week of prayer, and the indications are encouraging.

Brother Anderson, of Asbury Church, Providence, is rejoicing in a good work of grace. Brother Leavitt, the esteemed pastor of Chestnut Street Church, occupied his pulpit one Sunday recently, but was prostrated again on Monday. He has the sympathy and prayers of his Church and of his ministerial brethren, who look for his early recovery.

Brother Mumford, a distinguished layman in the First Church, Newport, who was severely injured by a railroad accident several months since, from which he will probably never fully recover, has just buried his wife, with whom he had lived many years. Brother Conant, our faithful State Temperance Agent, is hard at work, and hopes to prevent the disaster which came upon the cause in Massachusetts.

The friends of the Academy at East Greenwich will be pleased to learn that the institution is unusually prosperous. The boarding hall is nearly full, the chairs of the several departments are filled with faithful and devoted teachers. The principal, Brother Blakeslee, is very popular.

Dr. Talbot, the pastor of the Church in Warren, is preparing a history of that Church (one of the earliest in New England, as well as one of the best). If all the pastors would attend to this important work many interesting facts might be rescued from oblivion which otherwise will be lost. We are rapidly making history; why not preserve it? If we fail to do it, will not our chil-

drren "Wish as dutous sons, their fathers were more wise?"

SOWAMSET.

EAST TEMPLETON, MASS.

Our Church at this place has received extensive repairs and additions, costing nearly \$2,000. The society accomplished the work by heroic sacrifice, though great credit is due many in the community for their sympathy and liberality. Among the men to be mentioned as having borne a noble part in this work, Hodge, Fales, Ingalls, Stockwell, and Chase made the largest subscriptions, and by their example inspired others. Mrs. Peckham is worthy of mention for enabling the trustees to purchase a bell, as probably the village would still have been without a bell had she not have led in this enterprise.

The book trade in general is rather quiet, thus far. The stock is not very full, and buyers are holding off as long as possible before purchasing holiday supplies. As in other business, this is dull. Many mechanics are out of employment, anxious to earn a support for their families. There is some anxiety as to how the people will fare this winter. Plenty of money in the banks, locked up, and plenty of food if the money was in circulation to buy it. But, amidst all of these cares the Lord is reviving His work, and souls are coming to Christ. It is thought that there will be a great gathering this winter.

The City Churches report conversions and admissions steadily. Centenary

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Church Extension for December, the last regular meeting for the year, applications were granted exceeding the amount in the treasury, by donations, \$10,025; by loans, \$11,036; \$96; making a total overdraft on the treasury of \$21,061.95.

The Board earnestly appeals to pastors to take liberal collections and forward the amount to the treasurer. James Leng, esq., 1020 Arch Street, Philadelphia, with the least possible delay, as important Church interests will suffer unless aid, in several cases, can be promptly furnished.

After granting the above amount the Board was constrained to decline applications asking donations to the amount of \$19,645, and loans to the amount of \$31,625, many of which are truly needy and meritorious; but the utter impossibility of obtaining the requisite funds constrained this action.

Will not our pastors and people deal more generously with this good cause?

The facts in each case seeking aid are carefully and fully ascertained, and great care is used in the disbursement of funds. The entire work of aiding Churches at a distance should be carried forward in the manner prescribed by the Discipline; and if every pastor will lay the facts fully before his congregation sufficient funds can be placed in the treasury to do it. When our people shall contribute liberally to this collection they can, with propriety, send all applicants for aid to relieve Churches at a distance to the Board of Church Extension, and the annoyings of special begging be entirely superseded. Let this cause receive prompt and liberal support.

MILFORD, MASS.

Our Society have just completed very extensive improvements in their church, among which we notice a very commodious entrance, re-frescoing and re-carpeting throughout, new pulpit chairs, a ladies' parlor finished and furnished, a large and rich-toned Johnson organ placed in the new rear addition, etc. The Church moves forward into a still brighter era, is united and hopeful, and has a good share of that faith by which mountains of difficulty are cast into the sea. Its membership is above two hundred, and the congregation large and attentive. From our Sabbath-school nursery many youth are developing into a true Christian manhood and womanhood, and many adults are bearing the fruit of wisdom and piety, under the very able management of Dr. G. L. Cook, whose quarter-century of superintendence of the same school hardly has a parallel in the Church to-day.

At the re-opening, on the 10th, Rev. Dr. Townsend's sermon will long be remembered—a crisp and incisive discourse upon faith. His treatment of it was very bold, and calculated to inspire Christians with power to triumph over every obstacle that might be imposed as a test of prayer. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder of Boston District, was present, as also several of the clergy, including a number of the previous pastors.

CHICAGO JOTTINGS.

Yesterday the Preachers' Meeting was quite full, many having heard of the arrival in the city of Bishop Harris, who, after his introduction, said he was glad to get home, and knew he should feel at home among the Chicago people. He called the brethren's attention to the General Conference authorizing a Judicial Conference, but with no provisions for expenses, and wanted Chicago Methodism to entertain the twenty-one men who would soon be here bearing four appeals. He thought, as they paid their own traveling expenses, they could be cared for

in the Methodist hotel where the General Conference was so well entertained.

The brethren thought so too. This Conference will attract considerable attention, since the four cases are brought here to save expenses, and will continue probably for a week or two.

A lively discussion sprang up on the City Church Extension question, during which it was found that we hold all the posts so thoroughly manned before the great fire, and have added several outposts since. This was peculiarly gratifying, since other denominations have lost several churches—the Presbyterians seven. There had been a profusion of resolutions and recommendations, but considerable money raised, both in good pledges and paid into the Society. Several calls were loud and urgent.

Dr. Edwards introduced the question of a special agent to take charge and forward the supplies now coming in for the grasshopper sufferers. The efficient editor of the *Northwestern* was requested to take charge himself, and employ such clerical help as he might need. The calls for help are heard here with a strong tone, and the answers that are coming back are very creditable in many instances. Our people will certainly do their share; but the whole land ought to forward relief to these needy people, who for many months yet will be unable to raise supplies.

The Ladies' Temperance Union is holding a protracted meeting in Clark Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and has captured the sympathy of the clergymen of the city. The Preachers' Meeting delegated five men to attend during the week—one each night.

The book trade in general is rather quiet, thus far. The stock is not very full, and buyers are holding off as long as possible before purchasing holiday supplies. As in other business, this is dull. Many mechanics are out of employment, anxious to earn a support for their families. There is some anxiety as to how the people will fare this winter. Plenty of money in the banks, locked up, and plenty of food if the money was in circulation to buy it. But, amidst all of these cares the Lord is reviving His work, and souls are coming to Christ. It is thought that there will be a great gathering this winter.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

We plead with a hearty earnestness for a hearing on the part of our ministers, as the New Year opens, because, without the slightest personal advantage, we seek to accomplish an object in which they have a common interest, and to secure a great denominational and Christian service.

We desire to expend a much larger amount upon the columns of the HERALD this year than last; and this we can do, and still contribute to the general fund, as during the last two or three years, if our ministerial brethren will give us the full measure of their influence with the people.

It is a depressing hour, peculiarly, and in the general curtailment the suggestion will arise to drop the family paper. A word from the pastor, calling attention to the silent but powerful influence of a religious and denominational sheet, meeting the eyes of the young people in the family weekly, the comfort it will be in hours of enforced absence from the house of God, and the immense library of information that it will afford in the course of the year, will turn the oscillating scale to the right side. There are many young people that live where there are few books. The only reading that will come to their hands is the secular newspaper. To broaden their religious views, to strengthen them in Christian principles, and inspire them with a holy charity that will consecrate their talents and their wealth, when it comes, to the highest objects, they need the stimulating and nurturing columns of a religious paper.

Will pastors give us their visiting hours during the first week of the year? Encourage every former subscriber to renew. Remember we are indulgent in reference to the hour of payment—if desired, waiting until the Spring Conferences. But let no one break the chain of his communication with the Church and the religious world by dropping his paper. We also crave a few thousand more subscribers. We have arranged with a number of our best writers in every department of the paper, and can safely promise a marked improvement, although we have abundant reason to know that it met a hearty welcome from its readers last year. Our Sunday-school columns will be abreast, as they have been, of the leading religious sheets. We have ample resources for our doctrinal page, and have engagements with the finest pens to provide literary, scientific, and biographical papers, with interesting home and foreign correspondence. Glance afresh at the Publisher's advertisement, and then give us one more resolute effort.

Two of our official sheets came to us, last week, ornamented with wood cuts—the Northern and the Atlanta Advocate. They were Christmas papers, and were otherwise well filled with appropriate and interesting articles, in prose and poetry. But the illustrations are far from being ornamental. The first unsanctified impression of our publisher, as he opened the Northern, was, that it had published upon its first page the figure of the person "whose name is not mentioned in good society." Of course this was a mistake; but it is a pity that so orthodox a paper should even suggest such a thought. We cannot, for the life of us, after careful examination, tell what the picture does represent. There is one sense only in which we could say, "it looks like Time!"

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The hour itself is much more impressive than the trite observations it usually suggests. It is a period when "silence is golden." The obvious practical reflections have been so constantly repeated that they awaken little sensibility. But the hour should not be permitted to slip away unheeded. It is a great providential mercy that these significant eras interrupt the silent and unceasing passage of time. If there were no stations and boundaries along the path of human life we should have little conception of the rapidity with which we hurry through it, and lose the most favorable opportunities to impress our minds with our responsibility as to its improvement, and to redeem the future from the mistakes and errors of the past.

One of his thoughtful and eloquent discourses the late great preacher of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, England, likens our habitual unconsciousness of the uninterrupted passage of time to the marble statue in a fountain, from whose fingers the waters are constantly flowing; but in our instance responsibility attaches, although the hours flow past us while we remain as unconscious as the lifeless marble to the overflowing stream. Over the gateway to the quadrangle of one of the colleges at Oxford, upon the face of the clock, are these impressive words inscribed: *per eunt sed impunitur*; they perish, but they are charged. God is lavish of His hours, but they are not forgotten, and they record the treatment they receive at our hands in divine "books." The shorter periods—months, weeks and days—slip so rapidly by that we hardly take any note of their passage; but when we are involuntarily reminded that so considerable a portion of our whole life as one seventieth of it, at the longest limit, has swept by, in apparently the space of a hand's breadth, the most thoughtless are aroused to some consideration of the flight of time.

In these moments of enforced thoughtfulness we cannot drive from our minds the great duties of this life, and its relation to the unmeasured period that stretches beyond the clouds that bound our present horizon. We cannot stop our own thoughts; and conscience, however torpid it may have been throughout the year, seems to be awak-

ened by a divine power that asserts its judicial prerogative. Few persons can turn their eyes back upon the departed months without feeling a keen sense of regret at the small results that have been secured during all their gracious opportunities. Plans for mental improvement, for extended usefulness, for self-conquest, and for devoted consecration to Christian duty, have failed to reach their hoped-for and intended consummation. How much time has simply slipped away, unnoticed and unimproved! What a revenue of good might have been secured if every golden moment had simply brought its legitimate price! In many instances of omission, as numerous and as painful as they are, are not the most serious remembrances that throng the memory and exasperate the conscience in such an hour. Christ has been wounded in the house of His friends, and in the presence of His enemies! What a panorama opens, from which one cannot withdraw his eyes if he would, as the dying year rolls its silent but eloquent record in the chambers of memory!

It is a happy coincidence that the natal hour of the world's Saviour falls within these moments of self-examination. We are reminded, at an hour when we are peculiarly prepared to appreciate our need and His love, that we have a High Priest, touched with a feeling of our infirmity. The promise of the peace that follows pardon, which formed the angelic anthem over Bethlehem, breaks with a celestial voice upon the dark hours of regret and grief over broken promises and lost opportunities. "There is forgiveness with Him, that He may be feared."

It is a very serious loss to permit this natural and divine era to pass without receiving its appropriate and wholesome lessons. We wonder not that the fathers consecrated the last hours of the year to earnest watching, exhortation and prayer. We are more surprised that any rational person should devote such impressive moments to recreation or high revelry. One might, with almost as much propriety, arrange a feast in the presence of a dying friend. We need to avail ourselves of every helpful influence and association to awaken our minds to a due sense of the swift flight of the years, and to inspire ourselves with faith and courage to attempt the redemption of the hours to come. We cannot be unconscious of the peculiar mercy which has been extended to us in bringing us to the close of the year, and in preserving our family circle. How many have fallen, and now lie under the sea and under the sod! What a memory springs up at this moment in some hearts! Even now the sore is a fresh wound, and no grass has grown upon the mound that covers the dead! We are the living; let us pray, and praise God!

We ought not to step over the limits of the new year without something more than a new resolution. There is no new life without a new birth. We need to be born afresh of the Spirit into a fuller and sweeter life. Triumph will not come by accident. It will require only a day or two to settle us back into the old unconscious routine. Everything turns under God, upon our being lifted up into a higher atmosphere, securing a wider horizon, and a richer view of the heavens above us. Before an important event Christ went into the mountains and prayed all night. How happy a preparation might be secured by such means for the solemn year that stretches only its outlines before us. We may certainly say serious discipline awaits us. God only holds its measure. We need not fear Him. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." If we walk in the light our fellowship will be with Him, and both His rod and His staff will comfort us.

## THE END OF A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

Our foreign files have been largely occupied for the last few weeks with the eventual crisis now existing in the bosom of the Reformed Church of France, on account of the defection of the extreme liberal wing, and their demand that they shall also be recognized as the State Protestant Church, although they refuse to be governed by the recent confession of faith adopted by the synod of the whole Church, lately held in Paris, under the lead of the great statesman, Guizot, just gathered to his fathers.

The singular feature of the contest is the fact that a minority seceded from the Church, professes the most ultra doctrines (which bear no resemblance to evangelical Christianity), and then, after illegal elections of Church officials, demands that the parent Church be repudiated, and they be installed in their place, or at least on an equal footing with them. The minister of public worship declines to recognize them as being within the lines of the State Church, and they break out in diatribes against those pure men who have remained true to the faith, and without whose labors the Reformed Church of France would have virtually disappeared.

The individual who receives the fullest measure of abuse from this uneasy and unreasonable faction is the famous statesman, Guizot, who, it is well known, was an ardent Protestant, and who felt that the crowning act of his long and spotless life would be the consolidation of his Church on reliable and lasting foundations. The last will and testament of this man, who so long shaped and fashioned the history of his country, and who so sincerely mourned over her vagaries, is the most magnificent proof that can be given of his true piety, so rare in his native land; and we consider it a triumphant reply to

the accusations of his gratuitous scandlers. We quote from that portion of it regarding his religious faith:—

"I die in the bosom of the Christian Reformed Church, in which I rejoice that I was born. Ever persisting in communion with it, I have made use of the liberty of conscience which it grants to its faithful ones, and to which it owes its foundation. I have investigated, and I have doubted; I have believed that the strength of human reason was enough to solve the enigmas which the world and men offer, and that the strength of the human will would be sufficient to control the life of man, according to his moral aim."

"After having lived long, grown old, and reflected, I have convinced myself, and hold firm to the conviction, that neither the world nor man is sufficient for self-explanation or self-control. It is my firm belief that God, who created the world and man, sustains and preserves, or modifies them by means of those general laws which we call natural, and which, like all general laws, proceed from His full and perfect wisdom and His endless power. Thus I have returned to my cradle, ever clinging to the intelligence and liberty which I received from God, and which are my honor and my right on this earth; but I have arrived there again to feel myself as a child in the bands of God, in heartfelt submission in my large share of ignorance and weakness."

"I believe in God, and honor Him, without making the effort to comprehend Him. I see Him present and acting, not alone in the established order of the world, and in the hidden life of the soul, but also in the history of human fraternities, especially in the Old and New Testaments—monuments of the revelation and divine activity, through the mediation and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of mankind."

"I bow before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I hold aloof from the scientific discussions and solutions by which men seek to explain them. I cherish the confidence that God permits me to call myself a Christian, and I am convinced that in the light into which I shall soon pass we shall be able clearly to see the purely human origin and nothingness of the most of our earthly discussions concerning divine things."

Now, if this is not a pure faith, in the midst of almost universal corruption, we confess ourselves unable to appreciate what is. Verily, ten such pure Christians might have saved this modern Sodom, but they were scarcely to be found. And, with such a testimony behind him, these apostles venture to blazon his Christian record, and assume to sit in judgment on the ultimate aim of his activity in the last convocation of the Church authorities which was favored by his presence.

We believe there was more true Christianity in the soul of Guizot than could be extracted from the hearts of all his detractors who are now working with might and main to turn the parent stock out of the old homestead, and set up new and false gods in their stead. The success of these men would be the ruin of the Reformed Church of France, whose history, since the bitter days of the Reformation, has been one of singular severity and hardship—a condition of things which these men cannot feel, because they have no conviction of the matter, and no real love for the true Church of Christ. We were the living; let us pray, and praise God!

We ought not to step over the limits of the new year without something more than a new resolution. There is no new life without a new birth. We need to be born afresh of the Spirit into a fuller and sweeter life. Triumph will not come by accident. It will require only a day or two to settle us back into the old unconscious routine. Everything turns under God, upon our being lifted up into a higher atmosphere, securing a wider horizon, and a richer view of the heavens above us. Before an important event Christ went into the mountains and prayed all night. How happy a preparation might be secured by such means for the solemn year that stretches only its outlines before us. We may certainly say serious discipline awaits us. God only holds its measure. We need not fear Him. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." If we walk in the light our fellowship will be with Him, and both His rod and His staff will comfort us.

One of the best meetings held in London this autumn was the first anniversary meeting of the Metropolitan Methodist Lay Mission, held on Monday evening last, in the City Road Chapel, under the presidency of Sir Charles Reed, chairman of the London School Board. The venerable and beautiful sanctuary was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience; and this in spite of what I hope you, in America, know nothing about—a genuine, choking, blinding, lung-aching, eye-smarting London fog. Sir Charles, who occupies one of the highest moral elevations in the esteem of London Christians, and who is the son of that great philanthropist, the late Dr. Andrew Reed, gave an admirable tone to the meeting, speaking evidently under a more than ordinary spiritual influence and emotion. Our eloquent President, in as exquisite an address as I ever heard him deliver, followed salt, and three or four other favorite speakers did justice to the great and solemn theme. Some 36 paid, and more than 500 voluntary agents are already at work under the auspices of the mission, and a very encouraging harvest has already been reaped.

Speaking of our President, you will most likely have heard some exaggerated reports as to his recent illness. It is the misfortune of those who attain eminence in this country—and I fancy the same is true of yours—to be occasionally the victims of a prurient curiosity, and anything but courteous gossip. If our Queen were to fall down a step, the fact would be noted in the Court Circular, and in a day or two she would at least have broken a leg. If M. Thiers sneezes, he is represented as mortally ill at Menton, or some such place, or, at any rate, in danger of low fever or aggravated bronchitis. And if our President—especially such a President as Dr. Punshon—"feels a little but poorly," the Methodist world is agitated by the rumor that he is alarmingly and dangerously ill.

When our beloved Secretary, on his return from America, the other day, landed at Cork, one of the first things said to him, in such a manner as almost to knock him down with fright, was, "have you heard about the President?" Mr. Smith's first impression was that his life-long friend must be dead, and it was sometime before he recovered from the shock which this abrupt query inflicted. Happily, the President's illness, though inflicting sharp pain, was not serious; and he is now well, and at work again.

Mercy stoops to every sinner this side the hour of doom, and whispers words of hope. Listened to and heard, the peace that follows pardon, and the gift of God which is eternal life, become the portion of the penitent and believing soul. Will you accept? Will you, for whom this is the last year of life, make your probation a success, and secure a home in heaven by timely sorrow for sin and a vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Father Chiquin, the French convert from Romanism, has been preaching in Putnam, Conn., and twenty families have left the Romish Church. They have written to their priest that they have found Christ, the Great High Priest, and will, therefore, heed his services no longer. Chiquin has also been in Lowell, Webster and Nashua, and has had crowds to hear him. Several have already been converted. Chiquin has been a Poor-Law Inspector; and his death is a great loss to his profession, to general science, and especially

## [Concluded.]

An incident of a most interesting kind has just occurred in connection with our foreign missions. You are of course aware that Methodism has a conspicuous share in the evangelical and spiritual revival which has distinguished the last fifty years among the Protestants of France. Indeed, some of the most valiant and successful pastors of French Protestant Churches were converted under the ministry of such men as the late Charles Cook, Father Tasse, and other Methodist missionaries from England. One of these, M. Boucher, has been pastor of a French Protestant Church in Brussels for nearly if not quite half a century. Age and infirmity render it necessary for him to resign the active ministry, and he has retired to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where, as I understand, he has associated himself with our Society. This venerable and most useful man, as the time for his departure from Brussels approached, became greatly concerned for his flock. I should tell you that the Church, parsonage, and schools are his own private property, and entirely unencumbered. Looking around him, among the French Protestant pastores, he found that wherever it is evangelical it is more or less Calvinistic. Now he has adhered to the Methodist doctrine, and has always explicitly preached it, and he cannot endure the thought of any other doctrine being proclaimed in a place which, under God, is, so to speak, of his own creation. Doubtless he might sell his proprietary interest in the premises to great advantage, and so, as some would argue, quit himself of responsibility as to the future. But he could not so read his duty. What would, in that case, become of his flock, for whom, as God had gathered them into the fold through his instrumentality, he was bound to make the best provision in his power? Accordingly, he has made offer of the whole premises to our missionary committee, as a free gift. Moreover, as he cannot transfer his flock in the same manner as the stones, seats, etc., he offers to spend a sufficient time in Brussels for the purpose of introducing any minister whom we may appoint to the members of his Church; and is sanguine that, for the most part, he will receive a hearty welcome, and soon find himself at the head of a flourishing Wesleyan Church and congregation. It is a singular instance of clerical devotion and disinterestedness; and it appeared to be so marked a providential opportunity that I believe the missionary committee appointed a deputation to visit Brussels and prosecute the necessary inquiries and negotiations.

The Galaxy, published by Sheldon & Co., has a character all its own. It is very well made, with a strong political article, or series of them, like those furnished by Secretary Welles. It has also been very successful in its selection of regular correspondents, and always spreads an attractive editorial table.

Lippincott is always handsome in its illustrations and letter-press, and is always filled with a good variety of solid and light literature. What can be found to fill the pages hereof, and in this number, occupied by fine illustrations, with a better editorial mélange, or give richer promise for the future than with the opening of 1875?

Scribner opens with the first chapter of a new tale by its accomplished editor, Dr. Holland. He calls it "The Story of the Seven Oaks." This is, of course, a leading attraction, but only one of many. Its illustrations are very fine, and its list of writers of the highest class.

Lee & Shepard are to publish Old and New with the beginning of the next year; but it bears the same characteristics, and has the same intangible editor—Rev. E. E. Hale. This number has a valuable paper by James Martineau on The Protestant Theory of Authority, Athanase Coquerel's sharp and prejudiced review of Guizot, Hintze, Trades Unions, and others, with varied editorials.

The great monthlies open their New Year's budgets promptly, and with pardonable self-complacency. Harper never was fresher, fuller of interest, more crowded with fine illustrations, with a better editorial mélange, or gave richer promise for the future than with the opening of 1875.

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but only one of many. Its illustrations are very fine, and its list of writers of the highest class.

The Palestine Exploration Society is accomplishing valuable results in the illustrations of Scripture and in the extension of exact knowledge in Biblical geography. It is now making a scientific survey and examination of the countries of Moab, Gilead and Bashan. This is specially the work of the American Society. The English Society has taken Western Palestine, from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. Several volumes of very valuable results have already been published. The Society is supported by small annual subscriptions. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock is President of the Association. Our Dr. Strong of Madison, was engaged last year upon the explorers' corps. Rev. O. S. St. John is the Financial Secretary of the Society. Its head quarters is at the store of Mr. Van Lennep, 78 East Ninth Street, New York.

We have had reason to expect a full review of Dr. Hurst's very interesting new volume—"Life and Literature of the Fatherland." It is published at the Book Concern by Nelson & Phillips, forming a handsome small octavo of 446 pages. It is very entertaining, as well as full of information upon the social and intellectual life of Germans. Unlike a simple volume of travels, it gives the results of a protracted residence, and of uncommon opportunities for observation. While not so elaborate as the previous volumes of its accomplished author, it will be more popular, and command a wider audience. Every young man who hopes to visit Germany will wish to copy, and will not expect to enjoy the privilege of writing a memoir to me during a long stay there.

I do not know when I have enjoyed myself more, my dear Messrs. Peabody, than when, with some thirty others, I sat down with them at the Paris House, last Friday, to listen to the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly, last evening, to their contributors.

After some experience of publishing, I can conscientiously say that I never saw any work more carefully prepared than is the habit of H. O. Houghton & Co., the firm in question. Only last week a literary gentleman from Boston called to see him, in reference to a manuscript of his, in which he had written the name of Bacon to the head of the manuscript, and the rest are children of "broad-brained Verulam," and not of "the divine William," as the Frenchman styles the Bard of Avon. The friend, quoted, told him he had suffered much at the hands of other houses, and then showed me a letter of declination from the firm of which I am speaking, so gracefully phrased as to go far toward rendering the author's manuscript safe. I was glad to know that what I had supposed their peculiar courtesy to me during a long stay there.

The death of James Walker, D. D., ex-president of Harvard University, occurred at Cambridge, last Friday. Dr. Walker was born in Burlington, Mass., August 16, 1794. He graduated from Harvard, with high honors, in the class of 1814. For twenty years, beginning in 1818, he was pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Charlestown. He then became Alford Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Harvard. Holding this position for some fifteen years, with marked ability, he was then chosen to the presidential chair of the University. Until 1860 he held this high position, and was accounted one of the ablest presidents Harvard ever had. He was an accomplished scholar and an eloquent preacher. Dr. Walker at one time occupied an editorial position on the Christian Examiner. Both as a scholar and as a gentleman Dr. Walker was admired by all his associates.

The Evangelical Church of Wakefield, Mass., having been accustomed to meet together upon the public services of thanksgiving, it was finally proposed to invite the Universalist Church to unite with them.

After the trial of the experiment for a year or two, last year, when the union meeting occurred at the Methodist Church, and the Universalist minister delivered the discourse, the Baptist Church withdrew from the league, and held separate services.

The Baptist clergyman, Rev. Charles R. Bliss, who had favored the union, delayed his services upon the subject, giving the grounds of his approval of such a common service. This sermon was published in a pamphlet form, entitled Religious Recognition. It is singularly calm, good tempered, well-reasoned, and strong in argument. It should be generally read. Strange, when we constantly meet together, without hesitation, in social circles, and engage in reformatory movements, that we shrink from attending in company a public recognition in common of God's universal Providence! The discourse will command a wide audience.

The ninth volume of Appleton's great work, now coming from the press in monthly numbers, the American Cyclopaedia, is ready for distribution by their New England agents, Messrs. Butler & Fleetwood, Franklin Street, Boston. This volume closes with an excellent biographical sketch of A. W. Kinglake, author of "Eothen" and the "Invasion of the Cranes," and of his cousin, J. W. Kinglake, often confounded with him, a lawyer and member of parliament. Prof. Bennett of Syracuse University, contributes to this volume biographical sketches of the Countess of Huntington, of Bishop James and Dr. D. P. Kidder. The volume bears the same marks of consummate care and scholarship.

We have read in advance the sheets of a new book, just ready for publication by Lee & Shepard, and written by well-known newspaper correspondent and author, Mr. Charles Carlton Coffin. He calls his story after the name of his hero, Caleb Krueke. It is a characteristic tale of New

The last College Courant has the following appreciative notice of the death of Rev. Damon C. Porter, of the class of 1872:

"One more of the brave heroes our Alma Mater has sent out into the battle of life has fallen at his post. But just enlisted in his Master's service, and a few short days only a few months ago, and his work is over. When we were expecting to hear of his successes, we hear of his sudden summons; and instead of congratulating him upon his prospects, we can only pay this slight tribute to his memory. He died while he was completing his college course, a genial and gentlemanly to all, and holding a high place in the esteem of both students and instructors. As a student he was industrious; a friend, sincere; and as a Christian, earnest."

Rev. Dr. Adam Crooks, editor and publisher of the *American Wesleyan*, died at his residence in Syracuse, December 13th. He had been identified with the Wesleyan Church since 1845, and was one of its most able ministers since '44, and had occupied the editorial chair of the organ of the denomination since 1864, and succeeded Rev. Cyrus Pringle as agent of the paper shortly afterwards. The Methodist Episcopal Ministers' Meeting of the city adopted complimentary resolutions on occasion of his death.—

Bishop Willey left yesterday (Wednesday) for the Southern Conferences. He expects to be absent about two months. His health is constantly improving, but the Conferences must not require preaching or platform services at his hand for the present.

Uncle Thomas Henson, the original Uncle Tom, now 89 years old, visited the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, and made a very interesting and touching address. He now resides in Canada.

Bishop Bowman is to be Boston on the 3d Sabbath in next month (January 17). Our people will be specially happy to welcome and enjoy his services.

**THE WEEK OF PRAYER.** — The Evangelical Alliance of the United States has issued the following programme for the annual week of prayer, beginning Monday, January 4th:

Monday. Thanksgiving and confession. — Review of the past; thanksgiving for its varied mercies, humiliation for personal and national sins. Prayer for God's blessing in the future.

Tuesday. National objects for prayer. — For civil government and all its authority; for the increase of intelligence, the purification of public opinion, and the spread of free institutions throughout the world.

Wednesday. Home objects for prayer. — For parents and children, teachers and guardians; for schools and colleges; for the Christian ministry; for Young Men's Christian Associations and Sunday-schools.

Thursday. Foreign objects of prayer. — The extension of religious liberty throughout the world; the prevalence of peace among nations; the increase of unity among Christians of all lands; the subordination of international intercourse, commerce and science to the spread of Christ's kingdom.

Friday. Prayer for religious revival. — For the Churches throughout the world, for their increase in zeal, spirituality and devotedness, and for a clearer witness for the truth among them.

Saturday. Missionary objects for prayer. — For the conversion of the Jews; for the deliverance of nations from superstition, and for the conversion of the world to Christ.

Sunday. A general meeting in the evening. Addresses by ministers of various denominations. Closing exercises.

From some reason the HERALD, the dear old HERALD, has been sent to me for some time past. I did not know but some of my friends of the East, knowing my poverty in this grasshopper-smitten land, had sent it to me as a present; but I see by the figure that I now indeed to him.

Now, dear Brother West, I am too poor to pay; so if you cannot send it to me free, or if some one is not paying for it, then please to stop it; and as soon as I can raise the funds I will not only pay what is due, but subscribe for it again. I traveled in the East Maine Conference for over twenty years, and, as it was my duty, I stood by the good old ZION'S HERALD. When I was a little boy my father took it, and I learned my letters from its pages. I have always loved it the best of all papers, and shall miss it very much indeed. It is dark times with us here in Nebraska. It will be two years next Spring since I was sent here to the front, to form a new circuit. Then there never had been a sermon preached in Dawson county. There was no Church organization of any kind on the whole extent of the work, some twenty miles wide and eighty long—not a member nor a Sunday-school. We have now five Sunday-schools, five classes, and one hundred and one members. I have traveled through "thick and thin," and have received \$50 missionary money, and less than \$100 a year from the circuit. It is no fault of the people, for they have just started in this country, and have not yet raised one crop, having their destroyed for the two past years. Unless help is sent, very many must suffer, if not starve.

W.M. J. WILSON.  
Overton, Dawson Co., Neb.

The thought occurred to me that editors are human, and consequently a word of approval or praise may not be entirely unappreciated by them.

Many long years ago, when my home was among the hills of New Hampshire, the HERALD was a regular visitor; and what a joy it was, not only to the father and mother, but to us children. In those days there were not so many juvenile periodicals as now; our reading was confined within a narrow range; but we read thoroughly and with avidity much that is now passed by as too dull and uninteresting. I am not sure but more benefit (and quite as much pleasure) was derived than now.

It was in my childhood that I learned to love the HERALD, and to watch eagerly for its coming. While there was much that was above my comprehension, there was enough that afforded real mental food for me to read and think of from one week to the next.

The HERALD is my paper of papers. The Advocates, good as they are, cannot supply its place. The notes on the Sabbath-school lessons I find especially helpful—in fact, the most so of any to which I have access, those in the Sunday-school Journal not excepted.

Again, I like the HERALD for its free and outspoken approval of what it believes to be right, and for its fearless denunciation of what it believes to be wrong. God bless the HERALD and its editors.

An old subscriber,  
M. M. Corinth, Ill.

Rev. I. S. Jones, formerly of the Christian Church in Skowhegan, Me., accepts a call to South Rhode Island. We wish him the greatest success.

Considerable religious interest prevails at West New Vineyard, New Portland Circuit. Backsliders are returning to the fold. The work is prospering all over the charge.

### THE WEEK.

Boss Tweed has received many favors since his imprisonment that two of the prison officials have been removed, and he must bow to discipline like any other thief in the prison.—A shocking railway accident occurred near Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England, Thursday. Thirty lives were lost.—Josie Mandfield has recovered \$25,291.81, the value of two notes given her by Fisk.—The barque Amily, of Bath, Me., founded, at sea recently; 21 lives were lost.—It is intimated that General Terry will supersede General Emory at New Orleans.—John H. Keyser's stovetops on West Street, Bangor, were burned Tuesday, loss \$100,000.—A new Military Department is to be organized, embracing Louisiana and the other Southern States in which trouble is apprehended.—The fishing schooner Everett Steele, Captain Frye, of Gloucester, reports the loss of two of her crew, December 8th, on the Grand Banks, named John Hanley and Stewart Hadley. It is supposed their dories were capsized by the heavy sea while attending to their trawls.—The saw mill of the Holyoke Lumber Co., at Holyoke, was burned by an electrical fire Sunday night—insured for \$25,000.

Berlin editor has been sent for ten months to prison for asserting that Kaufmann's attempt to save the life of Bismarck was a sham plot.—The National-Zeitung, says Dr. Joseph P. Thompson's advocacy of religious liberty in Glasgow in October.—Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, formerly Governor of Trinidad, has been appointed Governor of Fiji.—The United States Treasurer estimates that he will have a surplus of \$9,000,000 for the current year.

About forty miles of the N. Y. and Canada Railroad, between Whitehall and Port Henry, have been opened for travel. The railroad is the richest in minerals of any part of the State of New York.—Jonathan Cushing, of Bridgewater, now about 88 years old, boasts of having ridden to school in 1812, with Miss Relief Jacobs, afterward the mother of Charles Sumner. She drove, and he sat behind her on the saddle.

The captain and several more of the crew and passengers of the Japan have arrived at Hong Kong. One cabin passenger, one steerage passenger, the surgeon, several of the crew, and 400 Chinese are still missing.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.  
Sunday, January 10.  
Lesson II. Joshua iii. 14-17.  
BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.  
CROSSING THE JORDAN.

14 And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people;

15 And as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brink of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest),

16 That the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon the head very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho.

17 And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the LORD stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.

Our last lesson left the Israelites encamped at Shittim, seven miles east of Jordan. Immediately after his commission as leader had been given to Joshua, and the encouraging counsels spoken, he assumed the duties of his office, his authority being heartily accepted by the people. He at once prepared for the conflict. He sent his aids through the camp with marching orders, who delivered them to the elders and chief men of their respective tribes, and they in turn announced them to the people. He also sent out two spies to view the defenses of the land, and bring him such information as might enable him wisely to direct the forward movement. The experiences of these spies are narrated in chapter two. Three days were thus passed in preparation for the journey. At their close the spies returned, and reported consternation everywhere, the whole land being almost ready to surrender through fear. The miracles of the desert, and the conquests beyond the river, had effectively subdued the courage of the Canaanites. Early the following morning they broke camp and moved toward the Jordan. On its banks they rested three days. On the third day the officers again went through the camp, distributing the orders of Joshua to the people. These orders referred to a full ceremonial consecration of themselves to God ere they set foot on the soil of the promised land, and also to the details of the crossing of the river on the following day. Much discussion has arisen among Bible students as to the days spoken of in chapters one and three. Some have regarded the "three days" as identical in both chapters, thus harmonizing the declaration of Joshua in chapter one, verse eleven, with that in the third chapter. Others assume that Joshua meant that after three days they should commence their march for the purpose of crossing over, and that the march to the Jordan is to be considered as a part of the passage. Others think that Joshua intended to go over after three days, but was delayed by the enforced concealment of the spies. We regard the second opinion as the most plausible, and have so interpreted the events. To us it seems probable that three days were spent at Shittim, in physical preparations for the journey, and three days on the banks of the Jordan in ceremonial purifications before so marvelous a display of Almighty power.

And it came to pass. We now commence the history of the passage of the river. The order of march is given with great definiteness. First, the priests, bearing the ark of God, with its sacred reliques, moved forward, full half a mile in advance of the people. The reason for this wide interval, we are told, was that the people might know the way. Hitherto the pillar of cloud or fire had gone before them, an object so elevated and marked that all could see it. But now the pillar had been withdrawn. The ark took its place, as the visible abode of Jehovah. This carried by priestly hands was only visible as it was thrown forward a long way in front of the column. Hence the command to advance it 2,000 cubits before the head of the advancing host. Following the ark at this interval came the tribes in their order.

And as they bare the ark. The priests bearing the ark came boldly down to the river's brink, and stepped into the flood. Behind them as boldly marched the multitude. Here was faith in its fullest fruition. They did not wait for the removal of the barrier before they started. They saw no path over the stream. They trusted God to make one. They had received the command to go forward, and they did not pause to question ways or means, but arose, moved on, and through faith obeyed. The priests walked into the river, and the people marched toward it. Had they been taught by Tyndall and his school that they would have thrown down the ark as useless, and bridged the stream with pontoons. But they, devoutly recognizing the presence of the Maker in their midst, advanced at His command, and without wavering expected His salvation. So should we, as well in the realm of physical prodigies as in the sphere of soul experiences. Whatever God has commanded us to do He will surely make possible, though earth and hell combine against it. All that He demands is that we "go forward" in faith, nothing doubting.

For Jordan overfloweth. This miracle cannot be frittered away by any rationalistic interpretation. It cannot be said that a drought had dried up the river, and made its bed a heap of sand. The crossing occurred during the harvest in the Jordanic valley, when the

stream is always swollen to a flood. The habits of this river are well known, and the time of its passage definitely stated. The Jordan has three banks. Its ordinary channel is about one hundred and thirty feet in width. Its first bank is but a few inches above the water, and along the brink of the river is covered with canes, bushes, and trees. The second bank is six feet higher, and the third over fifty. The distance between the highest bank is from a half to three quarters of a mile. During these annual freshets the water overflows the first bank only, never reaching as high as the second. The "overflow" here spoken of was the filling of the channel between the second banks. The bushes and trees would be surrounded by water, but not covered. This annual overflow is caused by the melting of the snow on the Lebanon mountains. The river then attains a depth of twelve feet, with a current of great rapidity.

The waters which came down from above. Into this whirling flood the priests walked with the ark of God, instantly the current recoiled. An invisible hand walled up the waters. The river below flowed on, and ran into the Dead Sea, while the waters above pressed helplessly against Jehovah's ark. The current swelled and rose in its impotent wrath, seeking its wonted channels, but in vain; its waters rolled backward until the increasing flood reached to the city Adam, from thirty to fifty miles above the point of crossing.

The city Adam. The precise locality of this place is unknown. Some commentators have supposed that the waters were stayed at this place, leaving the whole bed of the Jordan dry from the Dead Sea to the city; but in that event the majesty of the miracle would not have appeared to the Israelites, who needed more to look upon the heaped up waters than the dry ground.

And the priests that bare the ark. The priests carried the ark down into the very centre of the channel, and stood close to the wall of water, at least fifteen feet in height. They were kept from fear by faith. They dwelt, as it were, under the shadow of the Almighty, and while they held the ark of God were absolutely secure. That was their protection. The waters dare not touch it. They were more reverential than Uzziel. They shrank back from contact with the holy thing, appalled at the thought of contending with God. It is safe for a soul to go any where where God's ark rests. The soul can go down into the grave with God as calmly as the priests walked into the river's bottom. Nothing in its damp and chilling atmosphere can harm it, any more than the raging waves that fretted against God's power could leap over their infinite barrier and sweep His servants down to Sodom's gloomy sepulchre.

The priests standing by the ark could shout to the murmuring waters above them; "where is thy conquering power, oh, waves;" and St. Paul, standing by faith before the open tomb of Joseph, could also cry, "oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

And all the Israelites passed over. They had obedient faith also. The distance interposed between them and the priests would necessarily have shut out for a time the sight of the ark, the bank intervening between them; but as they moved toward the river they must have come suddenly upon the miracle that confronted them. Down in the river's bed they would see the ark and the priests, above them the obedient waters heaped up, before them the dry channel stretching away southward to the sea, and an open path into their promised home. What a shout must have rent the air as they saw the dry channel and the open way, a shout like the halloohahs of the departing soul as it sees the "gates afar," and heaven in full view. The same God who led them over Jordan on dry ground makes a firm highway for the dying believer. They passed below the ark. He who had made the path stood symbolically above them to keep it open. Had the ark been removed the waters would have hurried destruction on the host. The only possible protection for the soul is God. There is no way into heaven without Him. He opens the way, and keeps it open. When He steps aside the path closes. If Jesus says to us, "I am the way," He means, I am the ark that makes and keeps an open path into the kingdom. If Restorationism be true, or a future probation, then it follows that the mediatoriality of Jesus can never end until every soul gets ready to go into paradise, which is Scripturally false. Had any portion of the host who desired to cross waited until the ark was removed, they would have been shut out of the desired haven, and so will every sinner who neglects to hasten over with God's hosts also who are marching to the promised rest.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.  
From the Notes.

Berrien Lesson Series, January 10.

1 What did Joshua do immediately after God's commands?

2 How long before they started on their journey?

3 How long did they remain near Jordan?

4 What did they do during this delay?

5 What was the order of the march?

6 Why was the ark carried so far in advance?

7 In what did they show their faith?

8 How should we act with reference to God's commands?

9 When was this miracle wrought

10 Describe the Jordan?

11 How high do the waters reach in its overflow?

12 What causes its overflow?

13 What took place when the priests stepped into the river?

14 Who rolled back the waters?

15 How far did the reservoir reach?

16 Where did the priests stand?

17 How long?

18 For what purpose?

19 Why were they safe?

20 What gives us the victory over the grave?

21 When the head of the column reached the bank what did they see?

22 Who makes a highway into heaven?

23 Who keeps it open?

24 How long will it be open?

## The Family.

CHRISTMAS, 1874.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

The Christmas bells are ringing wherever Christ is known,

And angel tones are singing, in concert with our own,

While new-born souls are winging glad passage to the throne;

And all the Christmas glory, the peans loud and grand,

Repeat the olden story through all the Christian land —

The quaint and precious story of the Judean band.

I seated in my sorrow, within a darkened room,

Am thinking on the morrow, my darling in her tomb;

My heart can only borrow a deeper shade of gloom;

For her no Christmas splendor; her lonely chamber lies

Where guests may not attend her, with laughter and surprise —

No loving heart befriend her, in friendship's gentle guise.

I cannot bear the gladness — the joyous Christmas birth;

My soul, depressed with sadness, rejects the hollow mirth,

And in my spirit's madness I call her back to earth.

Alas! no sign is given to tell me she has heard;

There comes not out from heaven one angel-whispered word;

My weary heart is riven — Hopo's sickness long deferred.

Then on a gale of sweetness my spirit flies afar,

While through its misty fleetness I see the morning star,

Shining through heaven's completeness, where my beloved are;

Her lonely grave I enter; the darkness bodes not.

There all my wishes centre within that treasured spot;

No radiance Heaven hath lent her, to make its gloom forget.

Tot stet! celestial bright'ness hath surely lit the way,

On whom the light of the fairest day?

An angel, in His likeness, has rolled the stone away,

And faintly, upward tending, I see a golden star,

Where angel hosts attending are clad in radiant fair,

Their happy chants ascending to worlds in upper air.

And she is still the brightest of all that goodly throng —

Her radiant step the lightest the angel hosts among —

Her saintly soul the whitest that sings the ransomed song.

I will not dim that brightness with any selfish tear;

I will not mar that whiteness by idle grief and fear;

But wait till, in His likeness, I join my daling there!

## THE MERCIFUL JUDGE.

BY MRS. M. E. WINSLOW.

There was a law in England, indeed I believe it still exists, that every man or woman who could not pay his debts must be sent to prison, and remain there until he could find money to pay his penalty. When, at length, fairly comprehended, and fully believed the good news, he fell at the Judge's feet, and with tears of gratitude besought him that he might be his servant, his footman — anything which would keep him close to the law.

"Nay," said the good Judge, smilingly, "if I have gained a friend, that is all I want; let us live together, and by love serve one another."

This was told me as a true story.

Whether it is so, or not, it reminds us of one that is true. Do you remember it? Jesus is the Judge, just and true, though wonderfully benignant and merciful. Each one of us stands like the debtor at the bar of His justice; we owe to God the devotion and obedience of perfectly sinless lives. Which of us has given it? God's law, which is a holy and just one, intended to keep people from sin and its miserable consequences, says, "the soul that sineth, it shall die;" that is, unless you can pay the debt you must go to prison; and His promises could not be trusted unless He kept His word. It is no use to say we are sorry, and mean to do better, or that we did not know; all this won't pay the debt. We are condemned already." But Jesus, the Judge, for the love He bears us has paid it all," and shows us the receipt signed with His own blood.

Now, what will you do about it?

Tony will believe it, and go free?

The release is of no use to you until you do.

And so believing, will you cast your troub-

le into the water?

"It is an unjust law," said the prisoner.

"No," said the Judge, "it is a just and good law, intended to keep people from running in debt, and getting into trouble that they are in."

"But you are merciful, O Judge!"

Surely you will not condemn me to a punishment which would be so painful to yourself."

"I pity you, my friend; but I am just, as well as merciful. My mercy

would not be worth anything if I were not faithful to the laws I have taken,

to perform the duties of my office without favor to any one. In that case, even if I promised you liberty you would not believe me, because you would know that I did not keep my word."

"But I am so sorry," said the unhappy man; "if I could have foreseen this I never would have done it have done; my heart is broken to think how foolishly I have acted."

"That is your own fault. The statue has always stood just as it does now; and you should have taken the trouble to inform yourself. Besides, you always felt that you were doing wrong, even had there been no law."

Then, as a last appeal, the poor man said, "I acknowledge the truth of all you say, most righteous Judge; but I solemnly promise that if you will let me go this time I will never be guilty of such offenses again. Nay, I will become a sober, industrious citizen, and a good, moral man, and you never will see me here again."

"But," said the Judge, "would that pay your debts? You could not earn more than would support you from day to day; and where would you find five hundred thousand dollars with which to pay those people whom you have cheated out of their money? No; take him away; we are only wasting time; the law says, 'a man must pay his debts or go to prison,' and I am here to enforce the law" — giving as he spoke, a paper, which he had just signed, to an officer, who immediately led the reluctant prisoner away.

Now, all this while the Judge knew the prisoner, although the latter did not know him. They had been schoolboys together in Scotland, many years before, and helped each other out of all sorts of scrapes, as schoolboys are apt to do. The Judge had been a poor boy, who had worked his way up, by industry and good conduct, to wealth and eminence, and the prisoner, the son of a rich man, had by his evil courses reduced himself to the condition in which we found him. The Judge, who loved his old friend still, felt a great desire to save him, if he could do so consistently with the duties of his profession; and so, on the paper which he handed to the officer, and which every one else supposed to be a warrant of committal, he had written a promise to pay the whole debt himself.

When the prisoner, who was quite taken up with thoughts of how dreadful a thing it is to lose one's liberty, and was mentally bidding farewell to all the beautiful things of life, saw to what kind of a prison the officer was bearing him, he was somewhat astonished, for it was the library of an elegant house; and he was left to himself in a few moments, seated in a luxurious arm-chair, to look at the bright fire, study the gilded bindings of the books, and wonder at the strange turn events had taken. Presently the door opened, and in came his old boy-friend, no longer in his judge's robe and wig, who greeted him with great kindness, reminded him of old times, and begged him to make his home at long as it suited him.

"Nay," said the poor man, "that cannot be, since I am on my way to prison. Did not yourself decide that there was no way of escape

## Obituaries.

GEORGE G. GRAY was born July 10, 1808, and died in the triumphs of faith, Oct. 13, 1874, at his home in Leominster, Mass.

Converted thoroughly in 1829, at Wiliington, Conn., he joined the Baptist Church in that place, of which the Rev. Mr. Mallory was pastor, but subsequently united with the Methodists. At a camp-meeting held in Bolton, Conn., in 1837, he received the blessing of entire sanctification, and maintained a close walk with God thereafter. In 1834 he was left a widower, and in 1840, at Ludlow, Vt., whither he had moved from Mansfield, Conn., he married Miss Angelina Smith, who, with five children, survived him.

In 1851 Brother G. joined the Methodist Church in Leominster, and was highly esteemed by his brethren. A keen observer, intelligent, discriminating, intensely a hater of allatholic shams, he was an earnest uncompromising Methodist of the old school. His camp-meeting experiences were vivid and strong, and he was not afraid of the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. His last sickness was brief, and when he knew he was near the river he tried to shout God's praises. His often expressed wish, that he might die in the midst of the shouts and hallelujahs of the saints, was realized as his brethren sang, and the shining ones came down to the "other side." In vain Brother G. attempted to follow the singing; his frail power soon sank, and with "victory" as almost his last word, he took his place in the ranks of the "overcomers."

W.

Mrs. ELIZA, wife of John A. Blodson, died in Osterville, Sept. 24, 1874, aged 64 years.

Sister B. was converted at Cottit Port, in 1831, under the labors of Rev. Samuel Heath. She joined the class soon after her conversion, and for more than forty-two years was a devoted, self-sacrificing, and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was an ardent Methodist, and joyfully bore the name when it was a term of reproach on many lips. She loved all the peculiarities of doctrine, discipline and usage of her Church. She was ever faithful in attending the means of grace, and her skillful hands were always ready to help in every good work. From her marriage, in 1834, until she was prostrated by consumption, two years since, her pleasant home was a hospitable and much-frequented tarrying place of Methodist itinerants, many of whom will read this notice with tender interest.

Sister B. was not demonstrative in her Christian experience, but she firmly trusted her Saviour. Her dying testimony was, "I feel that I am an unworthy creature, but Jesus accepts me." In Osterville, where she lived more than forty years, her name is, and will be an "ointment poured forth." The poor and the sick never called upon her in vain. An one to whom it will doubtless be said, "well done, good and faithful servant," she has gone to her reward. May the Lord bless and comfort her lonely husband and friends, and the Church, which will soon cease to miss her!

W.

Died in Merrinack, N. H., Sept. 8, 1874, ANNIE C., wife of Zadock Farmer, aged nearly 53 years.

Sister Farmer (formerly known as Abbie C. Temple) was converted somewhere about thirty years ago, in Newbury, Vt., under the labors of L. D. Barrows, D. D. She soon moved to Nashua, N. H., where Dr. Barrows became her pastor again, and there she was received into the Church by him. Some time after this Dr. Barrows became her pastor again, in the city of Manchester, N. H. She often referred to the Doctor as one of her best and most instructive pastors. During her sickness she often spoke of those bright and sunny days in her Christian experience. She died with the heart disease; but she did not die suddenly, as many do, but declined gradually, until finally expired.

She was calm and peaceful during her sickness, full of faith, and had a bright and glorious hope, always manifesting a triumphant spirit, viewing herself as being in the presence of Jesus. On one occasion she thought she died by her bed, and put out her hand, thinking she might touch Him; but it was only His immaterial and invisible presence, and therefore could not be touched with gross material. Her spirit now rests in the bosom of J. MOWETT BEAN.

Died in Amherst, N. H., Oct. 26, 1874, ABIGAIL, widow of Henry R. Barrett, aged nearly 80 years.

Sister B. was born in what is now known as the city of Manchester, N. H. She resided there until about thirty-five years ago, when she moved to the town where she died. She was the mother of ten children; seven are now living. They regarded her as a very kind and gentle mother, and her memory will ever have a warm place in their affection. Others esteemed her kind, generous, and loving. She was converted (when Methodism in New Hampshire was in its infancy) nearly sixty years ago, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. In her strength and activity (the last three or four years of her life her mental faculties were very much impaired) she was greatly interested in the prosperity of Zion, and her house was always a home for the itinerant. She has gone to join some of these men of God on the other side of the river. "Our fathers," and mothers, "where are they?" J. M. B.

Departed this life, in Amherst, N. H., Mrs. MARY E., wife of Jacob B. Upham, aged 39 years and 6 months.

She suffered a long and painful sickness. Only those who attended her could have any just or adequate conception of her intense suffering; but it was borne with the greatest patience and submission. She was amiable in life, and beautiful in death. By her kind and loving disposition, and purity of character, she endeared herself to many friends and acquaintances, and her sweet and pious memory will ever hold a sacred place in their affections.

For more than ten years she held the position of assistant teacher in a school directed by her brother (Henry D. Chapin) at Newton, N. J., and while there she was perfectly idolized by her pupils, and beloved and honored by all with whom she was associated.

She sought her Saviour about twenty years ago, in the city of Nashua, N. H., and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has ever since maintained a consistent and exemplary Christian character. In her sickness, even during her paroxysms of distress, she was wonderfully sustained by the grace of God. She chose the following text to be used at her funeral: Rev. xxi. 4.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." She selected also, "Shall We Gather at the River?" as the closing hymn to be sung at her funeral.

She leaves a sorrowing and much-afflicted husband torn from his irreparable loss; also, two beautiful children—a dear little daughter, some over two years of age, and a darling infant son about four months old. May the prayers of this true and dear companion, lamented and affectionate mother, be answered in their behalf.

J. M. B.

At Shelburne Falls, Mass., Sept. 14, 1874, ALBERT PELTON died in peace, aged 78 years.

Though somewhat wandering in mind, his last words were, "come, let us go home!" He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1852, though for many years previous he had done much for the Church. Before the little band that was organized into a Church had a house of worship, he opened his house for preaching and class and prayer-meetings. The tired itinerant always found a welcome under his roof, and doubtless many of them still have pleasant memories of Brother and Sister Pelton. He leaves a wife and two daughters, who mourn for him, not as lost, but only gone before.

N. F.

LEVI BARBER, a young man full of promise, a consistent Christian, a devoted son, and faithful brother, departed this life Oct. 29. He was sick but one day, so as to require a physician. Oct. 25 he sang with the choir the glad songs of Zion, and in the evening cheered the prayer-meeting with his presence, and sang. Nov. 1, the choir sang around his enclined form. "In the midst of life we are in death."

The following resolutions were passed by the Sunday-school and choir, Nov. 1. V. A. COOPER, Worcester, Mass.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove LEVI H. BARBER from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, and in his sudden death our Sunday-school has lost its most respected, devoted, and useful members, and the church on whose cause cannot be filled by another,

Resolved, 1. That in the death of our beloved brother this school tenders to the friends and relatives of the deceased their sympathy, and in the expression of their grief, we will do all we can to sustain them in this dispensation of God's providence.

2. That our Secretary send to the friends of the deceased a copy of these resolutions, and enter the same on the records of the school.

3. That we, as members of the choir, hear

by ear the resolutions of sympathy and respect offered by the Sunday-school.

4. That we shall miss his genial presence and generous aid, yet we will always endeavor to emulate his virtues, and be, as he was, ready when the Master shall call for us.

EDWIN F. TEMPLETON, Secretary.

Died, very suddenly, in Melrose, Oct. 15, 1874, Mrs. MARY ANN KINGLEY, of South Boston.

Sister Kingsley was in her 58th year, and for a long time was a member of the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church. She was quiet and unassuming, but was ready ever to tell what the Lord had done for her son. She greatly loved the place of prayer, and was rarely absent from the preaching-services and the class-meeting. Her last public testimony was given at the service, which she attended in the church, where she spoke of the precious love of Jesus which she felt in her soul. It was her dying word, and was so full of faith and holy joy that all who were present felt its power. She has gone to her rest, without the pain and groan and dying strife of dissolving nature; she has passed at a step from earth to glory.

"Though cold and dreamless now, she sweetly sleeps; Faith sees her spirit crowned, while Sorrow weeps."

W. F. M.

Sister ELLEN W., wife of Frederick Eaton, passed to rest in heaven, October 24, at the age of 57.

Sister Farmer (formerly known as Abbie C. Temple) was converted somewhere about thirty years ago, in Newbury, Vt., under the labors of L. D. Barrows, D. D. She soon moved to Nashua, N. H., where Dr. Barrows became her pastor again, and there she was received into the Church by him. Some time after this Dr. Barrows became her pastor again, in the city of Manchester, N. H. She often referred to the Doctor as one of her best and most instructive pastors. During her sickness she often spoke of those bright and sunny days in her Christian experience. She died with the heart disease; but she did not die suddenly, as many do, but declined gradually, until finally expired.

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DECEASED.

